

OZ

56

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**The Great Society
blows another
MIND**

ONE DAY BY DREX

MARCH 31: Grammatic speech by LBJ, in which he made three main points:

1. "Tonight, in the hope that this action will lead to early talks, I am taking the first steps to de-escalate the conflict. We are reducing—extremely reducing—the present level of hostilities. Tonight I have ordered our aircraft and naval vessels to make no attack on North Vietnam except in the area south of the Demilitarized Zone."

Within four hours of his speech they were bombing 200 miles north of the Demilitarized Zone in ten days' time, they launched "Operation Crimson Victory."

2. "Now, as in the past, the United States is ready to send its representatives to any forum, at any time, to discuss a means of bringing this war to an end."

We all know what happened to that promise.

3. "I shall not seek and will not accept the nomination of my party for another term as President!"

Let's hope there was at least a third of the truth in what he said.

LETTERS

Dear Sir

I think I can clear up one mystery which seems to be puzzling you, viz., why the extracts you published in your last issue were extracted from Alan Delteil's book.

My theory is very simple—judging from the standard of the English press, I would say that the publisher could not be bothered re-writing the whole section.

One example: "I shall do some inquiries through local police officials but the end result is that there was no reason why the bandits should not be regarded as other than scoundrels."

Of course, the whole article could be a patois. If it is, I congratulate you. If it is not, I congratulate the publisher of the book.

As a writer, Mr. Delteil is a great secretary.

SUSAN GEASON.

Dear Sir,

We have been consulted by Chandra Lines (Asia) Pte. Limited with reference to the contents of page 4 of your issue in February.

We are instructed that the manner of the presentation of the information set out would indicate that our client endorses the political views expressed by you in your article, and would thus involve our client in political dispute contrary to its policy to its regard with detrimental effects to its business.

On the other hand overuse of the phrase "Chandra Lines" with the Chandra flag interposed is a breach of our client's copyright in this regard.

We have been asked to request that you proceed forthwith to make it clear that the views expressed are your views and not those of Chandra Lines or publication of your next issue displaying it with the same prominence as the material complained of, and that you undertake in future not to breach any client's copyright.

If you should fail to accede to our client's request our client will take such action as may be advised to protect its rights.

Your faithfully,

ARTHUR T. GEORGE & CO.

APRIL 1: PORT Moresby. A wide search was begun for 212 lost aborigines in Papua New Guinea's general election. The voting was from five electorates in which close battles were expected. If they voted more politically separated, well, here to give them independence.

APRIL 2: LBJ was still looking for the world-wide press for his "assassin act." Col. Will Green claimed he had more than 30 points and over 17 million were traded—an all-time record and a strong testimony to the businessmenness of Australia to LBJ's independence to America's well-being.

APRIL 3: The Vietnamese Vice Squad has awarded the film "Bonnie and Clyde," a "trophy," the picture industry's equivalent of an Oscar. Their film critic, Col. Sarge K. Waters, sent to them the film at the special behavior of Congressmen Arnold and the total annulment appeal of the film trailer ready as "it points out the filth and the immorality of living while engaged in crime."

APOLOGY

In our last issue on page 4 we published an attack on the present regime in Greece. We wish to make it clear that those were the views of the editors of OZ magazine and not of Chandra Lines.

Further, we undertake in future not to breach the Chandra Lines' copyright on their name and insignia.

APRIL 9: Paul Robeson's 70th birthday in London, East Berlin and Moscow there were public salutes but not in America where he is as an unofficial black jack for his postwar speeches pro-Communist and condemning white racism. His name is missing from the American "Who's Who." His jazz recordings are not listed in standard U.S. catalogues and are only available at a few "liberal" music stores.

Which reminds us of the old story of the advice which Guy Burgess was given before he took up his diplomatic duties in the United States—that there were only three things he must avoid: fellow-travellers, the rags operators and homosexual encounters.

"You know, Chid," mused the astrot Burgess, "I can't make a pass at Paul Robeson."

APRIL 10: The day before, Henry Holt had started work on the \$12-million Lower Yangtze Crossing with a ground-breaking ceremony and a small silver-plated hatchet. All papers gleefully published photos of Handing Henry Thawed Hatchetman. The "Age" emphasized theirs, rather enthusiastically, "First and of Lower Yarra."



The award of the best British film of 1967 went to "In the Heat of the Afternoon," which portrays conflict between a Negro detective (Sir Lenny Constance) and the white racist police chief of a sleepy south town (Enoch Powell). The film has been released on a "Malcolm X" certificate.

APRIL 11: The national assessment bucking Rockefeller's run for the Presidency was announced. Rockey has been getting more and more bucking and going, walking for adults that other cases for so long that none of his supporters seem still be satisfied but at the eleventh hour he'll run into political principles — kind of Chatteris Rockey.

APRIL 12: Senator Mahon revealed that passed birth from Red China was being smuggled into Australia under his beginning goes de pere "Me Ling pool launchion." We wonder what thought those might be to remind the Great Thinker from his "Peking politics" criticism that he is feeding his enemy. Is the malady of Pig Iron Bob to be recalled by Pork Press Max?

APRIL 13: "Capt. Robertson is a tall, ever-patriotic man aged about 30. He would not tell me for exact age" (Milestone "Aye"). Captain Robertson of the "Folies," of course—but who'd just only travelling with a Reference squad?

APRIL 14: 17-year-old Sydney girl Janette McLeod was named Miss Teen International in Hollywood last night. Only a few hours earlier she had told a reporter, "I'm a bit too wholesome to win."

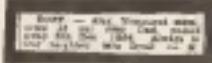
APRIL 15: Coonard's strategy to have the magistrate hearing of a "pick attack" case kept in secret so that it might not impress the jury trial was discussed in Canberra by Mr. Dobson, S.M., who came mounted.

DECEMBER 16, 1958: ... with a little more trading the Vietnamese army will be the equal of any other army in its ability to conduct the war.—Wilber Brucker, U.S. Secretary of Defense

RY DAY

"So far as I am concerned this leaves
various insights from any other... it is the
freedom of the Press to publish these
things."

However, he added: "I like strong expression in the form 'fuck off' whether it is used in the language of obscenity. That appears to me more as newspaper language rather than political or semi-political. I refer to this type of using an angled comment itself by a number of defendants at about the same time or within a small amount of time."



OZ



The Apocryphal Creed

I believe more or less in God the abstracted non-anthropomorphic conceptualisation, Maker in a metaphorical sense of Heaven (in a quasi-literal manner) and Earth, insular as the Big Bang theory is not refuted, and in Jesus Christ His only mythical Son our Lord as no more than a system of moral precepts.

I believe in Christmas, Palm Sunday and Easter, though not necessarily in that order, and

I believe in the deletion of the Virgin Birth, Miracles and Visions in the Declaratory of the credo of a rational church.

I believe with difficulty in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in the Anglican Church in Australia, which is so preposterous that it would have to be invented if it hadn't been created.

And I believe in My Divine Right to belong (using the term loosely) to that Church even if I use its terms very loosely indeed

And I believe in all the Saints, at least as key-ring medallions, the Resurrection, whatever that means, and in the Life Everlasting for ever and ever and ever until Archbishop Woods defrocks me AMEN.

JULY 1, 1990 "...the godless march of communism has been halted" — Richard Nixon.

APRIL 19. See, save and "debase"! A. A. Colwell faced Whitlam's resignation "unexpectedly". He continued mysteriously: "I won't say anything more than that... Mr. Whitlam knows what I mean. But I will say that I think things will develop by about Wednesday—don't ask me why."

When A.A. Colwell falls out of the past side of the Caucus rock-ing boat, he hopes to take up nauticality.

APRIL 20. A last salvo in the "SMH" between James Cameron and Zara Hall. As well as dragging a nation into propagandist publications about her writing abilities, the Big Z revealed that she had been doing a lot of reading. "I have finished *The King Must Die* and *The Ball from the Sea*," she said. "Can't remember Herod!"

APRIL 23. Tom Uren, a "Cajun hero", was dropped from the ALP's foreign affairs and defence committee by the Federal Executive's two "Left-wing" delegates, Meenan Brown and Herley, voted against Uren.

Even the Sydney "Telegraph" was acute enough to analyse this as a "rebuff to Dr Cairns" whom, it is reported, does not have the backing of the entire Waterloo State Executive.

However, fortunately this striking piece of discrimination did not prevent all correspondents from simplifying the subsequent leadership struggle down to a Right v Left battle.

APRIL 27. Despite all his efforts to avoid the spotlight in Sydney's history-making transplant operation died on 24-pounds Mr. Arnold Shull (SMH).

Apparently the spotlight result here fallen just a shade short because the surgeon involved is better known as Ross Shull. The transplant organ was a liver, unlike the patient.

Dedicated to Rev. Peter Lane et al.

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THE PHILBY AUSSIE

My first clear proof of the existence and importance of the man we came to know as "Newton" was uncovered when I found his name among the papers of the defecting physicist Sir John Eccles.

For years this Eccles had received secret radio messages via an impersonating "burrum" session on the ABC and "The Famous Eccles"; as he became known to all but the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation (ASIO) did untold damage to Australian security and morale.

After his hurried departure, I was selected by the head of ASIO to examine the contents of Eccles' house for clues. Although he had purchased a Qantas ticket to Washington, the Brigadier (Spry's nom-de-guerre) wished to know his real destination and purpose for leaving.

I was chosen for my long experience in these matters. My ASIO career began shortly after dropping out of Economics (part-time) after a dispute with the university. I was approached by a man in a trenchcoat in a mack and agreed to step up in the world by finding a little security.

After two years of examining waste-paper basket droppings I was promoted to Outdoors "cleaner" at the abattoirs block of the Australian National University. I was made privy to many interesting indiscretions from the most unlikely sources.

My position allowed me to keep a finger on most of the important matters to be found there and it was as a direct result of the many illuminating reports emanating from my block that

the Brigadier sent for me to spearhead the probe into the effects and causes of the Eccles defection. Defection! The very word had a familiar ring.

I began with Eccles' personal effects. The scope of my search was limited because Eccles had taken them with him, but I was able to draw some fairly telling conclusions from the unminimising evidence that was obviously missing.

It was quite apparent that the spy had been tipped off by a source close to the Cabinet that he had been under my surveillance and the net was closing about him. His hurried departure left no doubt in my mind that he felt the hot pants of the pursuers on his legs. I determined to search the Cabinet.

Once inside, with the door shut, I sat on the pedestal and examined closely the walls, ignite rods and numerous ciphers on the back of the door. Then I saw it.

On the left-hand wall (when seated) was written in the Professor's cursive script "NEWTON" and the formula " $V_1 = U^2 + 2AS$ ".

It didn't take a genius to work that one out, which was lucky as our had defected the year before. "Newton" had something big to do with the modification of German V2 rockets into U2 spy-planes by the use of two A's. But to what, or to whom, did the "two A's" refer? Eccles had never met left-winger A. A. Calwell and it was doubtful whether he attended Alcoholics Anonymous.

(For the explanation of the formula on the right-hand wall—"B4 1V U It U/16"—the Organisation is undefined to the Brigadier's 13-year-old son. Well done, Sirneth.)



The "double-A mystery", as is came to be known, soon baffled the kenned minds that ASIO could muster. Inquiries reached as far as Washington and London but the best that the CIA could do was a signed autograph of LBJ and M15's only reply was a cryptically-worded postcard showing Westminster Bridge. More than ever, Australia was on its own!

Finally, the Brigadier went to the Ministry. It was a chance remark by Deputy Prime Minister McEwen which gave us our first real lead. "Journalists," he explained, "are graded from D to A."

There was an angry interjection from Treasurer McMahon at this disclosure who appealed to the Ministry to close its ranks. He only managed to expose his flank and it didn't make a pretty picture.

McEwen knew his right and construed: "When a journalist reaches a certain level, he may even get a double-A grading." He went on to elaborate on the requirements of this particular level and the effects of certain journalists on the reputation of their craft but that one remark was enough. Clearly a journalist was the link.

It was then that it all fell into place. Who had been dubbed a "secret agent of a foreign power", who had worked against the interests of McEwen's Australia, who was a journalist of a certain standard?

Maxwell NEWTON!

As I say, it didn't take a genius to work that one out. And when the Department of Trade's dossier on Newton arrived it became even more transparent. After the arrival of the Treasury dossier it became a little more opaque. But inconsistencies are inevitable in these affairs.



PHIZZGIGS

Party pros & Harridans

There are two varieties of why Mr. R. W. D. Harridan, ex-D.E.P. secretary, became the notorious secretary of the A.L.P., known whatever else changes it might once have had of leaving the L.D.s in '66.

Neither of them credits him with over-confidence but neither seems over-cautious either. To good Labor men of such things credit, Harridan is a slob, a slop, and no idiot, but probably not a rath.

Not that it matters much. Harridan's place in history as The Man Who Screwed The Labor Party is already assured. And there is perhaps a lesson for him on his television appearance. His world-famous appears to be that he is in a wing boat after the flood of mount Billy Graham converts. Still there's a lot.

Harridan will stand with General Conder if you believe that it was sheer pride or with The Man Who Burnt The Reichling if you believe it was sheer gullibility.

The Conder's Last Stand theory presented in terms of equally patrician cocksureness by those few A.L.P. men who secretly support Whitham and by the duds group, which severely supports Conder, over Harridan as poor old new-left Liberal.

He is honest enough to drop out from the summary, and I privately minded, to drop out from the D.E.P. when even the duds press can't do that. But he gave it up to further the cause of the workers. He was appalled by his former South Australian and moved to Tasmania to avoid left-wing persecution.

Though still persecuted he worked his way up through the diminishing Federated Clerks Union to become secretary of the Tasmanian Labor Council, and a delegate to the Federal Executive. And he was all set to join the George crowd when he got wind of an anonymous circular which maliciously and misleadingly claimed he was a plant from Southern's National Civic Council, and should therefore be untrusted.

Through other anonymous right-wingers, he learnt that this circular had been thought up by Sam Cohen, deputy A.L.P. leader in the Senate and Arthur Cawley (late, Melbourne) and had been printed by Leo Brown, Tasmanian secretary of the Metalworkers Workers' Union.

At that stage proponents of the theory like to point out (1) that Arthur Cawley on hearing of Whitham's resignation said "It is not unexpected—Mr. Whitham will know what I mean. I will now release into an Australian mood and want and so on," and (2) that Brown, a left-winger, was probably sent to him as a Tasmanian delegate to the Federal Executive if Harridan had been forced out.)

Naturally Harridan was forced to reply—ineptly perhaps, even patently—but you could understand he was upset. In his reply he said that the leftwing of the executive which had now become "the friends of the Communists" would try and have been excluded from their deliberations. He added that the friends of the Communists were everywhere, especially among the 27 "new" names which did not agree with him.

by

Guy Political

Correspondent

So come the morning, the drossed left including, of course, Sam Cohen and his mother's old enemy from South Australia, Morris Nicholls, ganged up on him. First they told him he was an N.C.C. plant, and when they couldn't make that stick they demanded he apologise for his remarks. Whitham and Harridan, anxious to avoid a showdown, spent a long night talking him into do just that. But Harridan refused to compromise. So the respectable left not high dross, and the righteous right not left with no choice, and Whitham had to resign and so on and so on. And Conder left gleefully in defeat and it was a pity about the people who fell with him.

If all looked good in the Telezhog last night particularly with a lot of loose talk about the Left and the Right far if they were all either Liberals or Communists with the A.L.P. nowhere.

But... why did Lionel Murphy safely elect for six years, note the way he did? If the left wanted to force a crisis, why pick a dodgy name like this one? Why bring the pro-Cawley lobbying, did such people as Senator Knott's party's federal president and a notable left-winger, keep trying to assert that it wasn't Whitham who was in question—it was Harridan?

The Man Who Burnt The Reichling theory which is held by the entire left and sadly agreed to by a fair section of the right is that in fact Harridan was an N.C.C. plant, and that he was sent by Southern's to Tasmania to get into power. For however "safe" an experienced and totally unaccountable Labor candidate and when I questioned whether it was as easy as all that "You're talking about Tas now. If I went down, even I could be Premier in two years!"

The "overcautious" in Labor was a complete fisted recording in the theory. It was not even a consistent front of a committee of the Federated Clerks Union shortly after Whitham and Conder were elected Parliamentary leaders. Jim Rorke, the Federal Secretary, got up to make a courtesy visit, congratulating them both and pleading his union's support for the A.L.P. And which Tasmanian delegate do you think got up and spoke against it? That's right.

The anonymous circular, the cornerstone of this theory say, was not written by the left at all, it was written by the D.L.P., perhaps even by Whitham himself. An nice piece of evidence for this they point out has extremely hard it was to get hold of the circular; even die-hard left-wingers were loosing up their friends in search of a copy, as soon as Harridan made his reply.

The reply, of course, was sheer provocation, so one in the right mind would have let it pass, especially if they knew the man who wrote it was an N.C.C.-er.

Even a large section of the right was taken in. The secretary of a state Labor Council has no business at all referring to "left groups".

Did the executive know about Harridan? Of course. Did Whitham know? Yes. Did Conder surely he was leaving himself open to D.L.P. blackmail forever?

At this stage the proponents of the theory roll their eyes at such naivety.

Whitham's supporters, they explain neatly, have been negotiating with the D.L.P. for the last six months. The D.L.P. is keen on the site. Then the parliament ary leader of the D.E.P. Senator Grogan, on hearing of Whitham's resignation "This could form a basis for reconciliation."

So the Reichling burnt down and the Right forgot about its base socialist and went about the real business of passing the bill. In which the Right does every sign of being completely disinterested. This theory, I've been told, is the core of communism. It's a great advantage of post-Liberalism: a really early plot, a situation familiar with evasions of the Labor Party. Watch this space next month for more news from the camp of pols.

Courting Disaster

"History shows that we should go to court more often if we want to dominate ownership" was Peter Coleman's glib pronouncement in a chronological pot-pourri of obscenity legislation. He cooked up for the second edition of "Censor". On March 8, 1968, a unanimous High Court said that same edition, and that same history, to form the most freedom-destroying weapons yet placed in the hands of our censorious bureaucrats.

Ironically, the lone benefit of the "Censor" decision has been to clarify the legal advance of wobbly civil libertarians like Coleman that liberalisation increases with the extent of the legal inhibition. Even in the leading textbooks on "Freedom in Australia", authors Campbell and Whitmore castigate



legislators the publishers for failing to fight obscenity verdicts, with the complacently predicting that "there is a chance that if the High Court were given a suitable opportunity, it would adopt a liberal view" (532). The view it did adopt, in restoring the conviction of publisher and purveyor of material "obscene to the sexual modesty of the ordinary man," turned out to be a disastrous piece of deliberation which has already resulted in a severe setback for our freedom to read.

The issue of "Censor" magazine involved was a 10-page treatment in photographs—a blatantly pornographic newspaper cutting dealing with ownership, a full page reproduction of the United Nations charter, 6 pages of "Playboy" jokes and puns, and 5 pages of "Playboy" girls, plus tips, and 5 pages of "Playboy Hill." The naked women appeared posed, the cartoon could pass without comment in daily newspapers while the registered chapter of "Playboy Hill" was lifted from the beginning of a story "at which stage the heroine is a dimwitted virgin whose every thought is clouded in the preoccupation of sexual modesty. Indeed, the very "modesty" actually angled in to the Court's judgment instead of the "Playboy" Advanced Advance which answered the question "What's the best time to have sex—morning, noon or night?" with a caption to early morning that "you never know where you might start later in the day," and "Playboy's Party Jokes."

The latter was a column cracking such hoary fables as the doctor instructions over the party test-tube birth with the precept "spare the rod and spoil the child," and the unchristianised lady who didn't know whether

or not she needed after sex, because she had never really looked to see. Yet the whole magazine was found "indecent" under Section 1 of the NSW Obscene and Indecent Publications Act.

The story really started back in July, 1966, when a creation of Chief Secretary had passed Plaintiff Roy Wilts, a Mr. John Grove, "just as indecent" against both the "Censor" editor and a bookholder selected at random. This bizarre and thoroughly conceivable tactic of involving an innocent bookholder in exposing legislation over a magazine he had probably not even read well, if upheld by the Court, gave the Chief Secretary's Department an enormous power of censorship by intimidation. To put it in under an Act which allowed a six months' trial sentence, the prosecution had to prove that the magazine was "indecent", and that both the editor and the bookholder had "published" it within the meaning of the Act.

The case was first argued before Lawyer S.M. who accepted that "Indecency simply means something that offends the ordinary modesty of the average man." The way to an average man's modesty, he held, is through his drawing room — "although Playboy's Party Jokes might escape notice altogether in a Night Club or at a Service Station, they would not and could not be sold in a great number of drawing rooms in this country". To ask for the right time to have sex is also indecent. "It is part of the opinion that it offends against propriety and taste and is obscene." Having found the magazine to be indecent, he went on to hold that it had been "published" in the sense of "being issued to the public" by both editor and copyright, whom he harshly described as "scoundrels".

The magistrate's decision was reconsidered by Justice J. Austin Hobbs and Hunter, in the Court of Appeal. In a remarkable joint judgment, perhaps the most enlightened delivered yet in the country on a law designed in police mould, they agreed that "Censor" was not indecent, and even if it was, had not



been "published" for the purpose of the Act. Drawing support from the history of the Statute and its historical antecedence, they demonstrated that "published" as it appeared, in the relevant section of the Act, meant "to write acts which may cause publication with the radical reader against their will". More precisely, or strictly on a bookstand, as not

enough—there must be a positive "desiring" of the material manifested upon an unwilling explore. This argument would prevent the Chief Secretary's Department from obtaining convictions against bookholders who carried "indecent" literature unless they were forcing it to their customer's attention by a determined hand sell.

The Court were far from, and clearly disapproved the concept of "obscenity" from that of "obnoxiously" as terms of degrees of malignancy, e.g., "For a mile further to ease the wind noise in the presence of



ladies would be obscene, but it would not necessarily be obscene if it be directed the attention of a wife to a certain member of his body his conduct would certainly be obscene". The judges held that "in the concept of indecency there is lacking that element of lasciviousness and prurience which seem to us to be an essential element in the concept of obscenity". The law against obscenity protects upon individual freedom, but the law against indecency protects the liberty of the individual by preventing embarrassing material from being selectively flaunted before him or pressed upon him. All-important is the "concept of effort or outrage". The law is intended to preserve the freedom of the community generally from having indecent threats barked them against their will.

"Indecency" they say is a elastic concept, which narrowed as the community became more tolerant. The duty of the Court was to reflect accurately prevailing attitudes, and not to moralise or reform. The "Playboy" "Playboy Hill", they concluded, a little disappoindingly, but not lived up to by reputation, so little so that advice publicly had "dashed" the prosecution. The Playboy pin-ups were good, "we do not think that because a photograph is of no aesthetic merit it is therefore open to be classified as indecent at the present day." They held that the magistrate could not reasonably have concluded that the magazine was in doubt, even had it been "published" by the defendant, and the conviction could not stand.

The third assessor of the Appeal Tribunal, Mr Justice Watson, had other ideas. He lamented that "If photographs of nude women in various postures are not indecent then I am at a complete loss ... Unfortunately his reasoning was to be disregarded. It was firmly sustained by the High Court, which unanimously restored the magistrate's original verdict.

Members of the Court, in a series technical judgments which deliberately underlined the broad woolgathering approach of the Court of Appeal, wrote a black clause for NSW women. They held that "published" means simply "to make available to the public, and is appropriate to describe "whatever a



This is the most famous painting ever done in Australia. It depicts Burke and Wills leaving Melbourne. It was painted by Sydney Nolan in 1935. I am offering it for sale to the Australian public for 35,000 dollars

I'LL BUY IT!



Sheaf
We give you the best job
We're a bit old

THREE PIRATE TROOPS
DEMARSHES /
AMBUSH
IN
VIET
NAM! "

A LONG BURST
DID IT... AND
THEN HE
SQUEEZED OFF
SHORT BURSTS
FOR EACH OF
THEM... TO
MAKE SURE!

YOU'LL DIE A FREE
DEATH, COMRADE
UNLESS YOU SIGN
UP WITH
TAN
TAK
PROBLE

ERATANIA



NIGHT
SAVAGE



GRANNEY, WANTED TO SURVIVE THE TIME
APPROX. AND, CLIMBING THE ELMS
OF HIS BATT. ABOVE THE CHIN-
MAI 3 HILL, STARTED TO CHANNEL
HIS...



YOU
ARE
POWER
LORD

ITTY MASTY
THAT IS...
WE WHERE
DOUS HAVE
THE HEM
THIS LADY!

THIS IS THE HIGH GAIN SURVEY ROUTE TO YOU
IN G.I.'S AND THERE'S A LOT OF ARMY PROPERTY
WE'LL HARM IRREGULAR. THESE TROOPS DON'T APPE-

TRUBLE IS IN THE GROUP QUOTE
I JUMPED LIKE THE JEEP CARS
CUT THEM DOWN CAN'T GET
WHICH IS WHICH UNTIL I
HEAR THE GUN GO OFF.



BRATATATA
HAM!

EEEEE
ROOM

BLAM

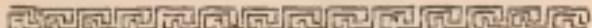
BUDAGUDA BUDA
Pow



5 CHRISTMAS DINNER KIDS ARE HARD TO
LIVE UP TO. PROBABLY BECAUSE IT'S THE
HOLIDAY. SO I'M GOING TO EAT THEM
WHEN WE CAN GET A TOWN LIKE SARDON.

BUT RANGE
IS NOT FAR
BACK, VONES!

WHO SAID I JUST
WENT UP AND FOLLOW MY LEADS!



TORTURE!

The following account presents in summary form the evidence a London Amnesty International Delegation took from the 18 people they saw who reported they had been tortured, and from the 32 people still in prison about whose cases they received second-hand evidence which they found convincing, because it was in many cases corroborated.

Techniques of torture

A Physical Torture

1. The standard initial torture reported from most Asylums (Secret Police stations) is the so-called *balanga*. The prisoner is tied to a bench and the soles of his feet are beaten with a stick or pipe. Strips of leather the prisoner is usually made to run around the bench under a heavy rain of

wolken, the torturers shove as many fingers as possible, or as object, into the vagina and rectum and tear brutally. This is also done with the arms. A tube is inserted into the anus and water driven into the prisoner under very high pressure. In the case of man beatings on the genitals with long thin sand-bags or the genitals with long thin sand-bags have frequently been reported. One trade unionist was beaten so much that a temple was driven up into his body.

2. Techniques of gagging are frequently reported. The throat is gripped in such a way that the windpipe is cut off, or a filthy cloth soaked in urine is shoved down the throat. Gagging is practised only at the last moment.

3. Beating on the head with sand-bags or beating the head against the wall or door or against a concrete pillar. Many cases of concussion have been reported.

4. Beating naked flesh with wires knotted together into a whip.

5. Prisoners have been hung up for long periods of time. Usually the wrists are tied behind the back and the prisoner is suspended from the wrists.

6. Jumping on the stomach.

7. Tearing out the hair from the head and from the pubic region.

8. Rubbing pepper or sensitive areas of the body, such as the genitalia, under arms, eyes, nose, etc.

9. Pulling out fingernails and fingernails.

10. Different methods of inflicting burns, including putting out cigarettes on parts of the body.

12. The use of electric shock. This is done at Military Hospital 401 and unconfirmed reports state that it is done at the Asylums Station in Scopoulina.

Physical beatings by the army and police as a method of intimidation and interrogation are general. Physical beating can be classified as torture if it is done in a systematic way. One case of over forty contacted by the Delegation was beaten at regular intervals for more than 12 hours. He suffered broken ribs but reported that young people were beaten steadily for periods of up to five days. Generally from four to six men beat a prisoner with their fists and kick with their booted feet, or use instruments such as planks, pipes, canes etc. At the Dergiope camp, which houses Grievous's allies and supporters, they have reportedly not a gendarme. A reliable second-hand report from this camp is that a man literally had his eye knocked out of his head. The Amnesty International Delegation spoke with others who had broken ribs, nose, scardrum, etc.

B. Non-Physical Torture

Many informants who have undergone torture consider that the non-physical methods were more difficult to bear.

1. Captives prisoners are intentionally forced to eat until satisfied of other prisoners who are being violently interrogated. It was reported that Mikis Theodorakis, the composer, who was never physically tortured, suffered a nervous collapse under this method.

2. Threats to kill, rape and rape. People who had been tortured were often told that

it would be repeated at a certain hour in the night, and were kept in constant terror by threats that they would have to undergo again what they had just experienced.

3. Stripping prisoners naked is particularly effective in Greece, where the association of nakedness with shame is very strong in all cultures.

4. Mock executions were frequently reported. The prisoner faces a firing squad in blindfold and the rifles are fired.

The Security Police (Makarios) use unrestricted lodges in Greece, Sicily, in Mr Papagos's words "the laws against the police may arrest anyone, in any place, at any time, with no obligation to charge him or inform anyone of his arrest. Releasing that their own policies is threatened by opposition to the Government, they have reacted brutally to those opposed in opposition. Those who have particularly suffered at the hands of the security forces are the young people, those who are not known abroad, and those believed to be of the left.

January 27, 1968,

Amnesty International, Turnagain Lane,
London, E.C.A.



This is

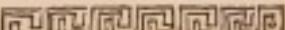
Inspector Lambrou.

His victim's picture.

lows. We examined the feet of person who suffered this treatment four months before and his soles was covered with thick scar tissue. One prisoner now in Anavof prison had his foot broken under this torture. As he was without medical attention the bones have not set properly and have collapsed. This next step in the method is to strike the prisoner on the stomach. Fists are usually dropped onto the lungs, have generally undergone this treatment. Fists are almost always accompanied by other inflictions of pain on the prisoner. In general five or six men are engaged in the torture of one prisoner. Common methods accompanying flogging are pouring water down the mouth and nose while the prisoner is swimming from pain; pulling "Tide" soap in the eyes, mouth and nose, banging the head on a bench or on the floor, beating on other parts of the body, etc.

2. Numerous incidents of sexually-oriented tortures were reported. In the case of

ANOTHER
GREEK
ATROCITY



and that no less a personage than the Duke of Edinburgh is the last to try and stop this honey-sweet clutch about the young people of today being "degenerate" rather than constructive as their critics of the world stated them. "What worries me," says the Duke (he's worried? I'm desperate), "is that those who opt out won't even try to change things and that those who need often want to destroy without putting something better back."

Even for the Duke that's pretty wimpy and weaselly stuff. What the hell will all these hypocrites do when the United States' warning FREEDOM NOW has been lost? If MAKE LOVE NOT WAR is not a profoundly constructive statement, what is? One can just about excuse a completely giddy response from the knaves which the young dissenters today have taken the place of Zen's paradoxes and Brecht's exegesis, from Leary's surreal TUNE IN TURN ON DRUGS OUT to hysterical political diapases like END VIETNAMESE MURDER and RAN APARTHEID to more idiosyncratically personal statements like LOVE ME and SIXTY NINE IS LONELY. The above of heroes for best-fakes on poster and plastic is significant too. Alex Chisholm, The Glaziers, Anthony Braxton, Bob Dylan (you know something is happening.)

Yet it is surprising just how often the Duke's words are echoed by other adults, that image of "grey" people (as the English Underground call them) who belong to the generations which gave the world Fascism, Apartheid, Hiroshima, the Black and Vietnam and now wonder why their children are so disenchanted with the society which has made of these possible. A lot of students I talked about the "generation gap" which, after all, had been well on its long way in a few years of another, but the old dooms and dire pronouncements were still at my mother's feet. I asked her why she should let her rather older son off and the world-wide apertures which have brought young people into the streets of cities from West Berlin to Warsaw to New York in the last few weeks are clearly visible.

At the back of the disengagement of these protest movements there seems to be a tacit assumption that this is only a phase which all young people go through and which they will desert as they realize that "maturity" and "adults" are. After all, they've never had it as good, have they?—even though it's the 20-year-olds who fight the old men's wars for them, and when a bus load of conscripts headed for Vietnam learned through the streets of Sydney you have to look twice to make sure they aren't school students playing at beat culture.

But and, well, many others defend the access regime as simple or openly so that perhaps a little bloody corporatism and isolated South Vietnamese civilians intersect Sandy Shores and Edie Baskin's bags of sand and dust. All cities in France across the United States and in much of Latin America the forces of the Counter Revolution (the forces of death) have caused the fastest spike of death, so that today the defense of the state you usually takes the form of admiring that society it intend from that perfect hell-brothering in which no being merely destructive. Hence the Duke's "I would sympathize with the young rebels." If I felt they had some



By
Craig McGregor

thing better is put in the place of what they are trying to pull down?"

It is a phony ploy, because the whole conservative/destructive dichotomy is phony. All criticism is conservative, there is no such thing as purely destructive criticism. The very act of criticism is one of the most creative activities one can indulge in; to examine, analyze and decide what is wrong with something, be it a society or a theory of the solar system, is often the most difficult and yet the most crucial of all tasks, because it is the one question for any far-reaching movement of all.

Not only that, but it is the nature of the critique which is made that often obscures the nature of the alternative theory which follows. In our criticisms we apply the standard conservative preoccupation END APARTHEID for example, because Victorian humanists who invented HANG BOILER on his anti-capitalist philosophical plane are leaving nothing destructive, these jokers apply a whole range of ultimate and specifically constructive policies which should apply even the most primitive. The problem is Capitalists object to protest movements purely because they oppose what those movements so clearly advocate. Thus the Australian Capital Territory (whose residents do not even have full voting rights) still has the death penalty and the Federal Government, it would seem, is even now preparing to bungle over the draft treaty to stop the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

Indeed, it also recognizes the mass which has brought young people and nations throughout the world into open and violent clash with the authorities in the last few decades it is quite clear what the "Something better" is in each case that the protesters want to substitute for the old corrupt order. America is in flames because of the affliction of the white population, after a Civil War and three centuries of overt and covert slavery, to grow quickly to 20 million Negroes. In West Germany

the students are providing the first real opposition to what is still one of the world's most conservative politico-economic Establishments, quoting Third World figures like Che Guevara and Ho CHI Minh against Krupp and Springer, the former leader, Ruth Debske, a refugee from East German exploitation, received from the authorities of the West was the same which was Martin Luther King a bullet in the mouth (who are the violent ones?)

In Poland, young people have been in the vanguard of the fight to liberate the Communist regime after the false class of a few years ago petered out as a Stalinist rebellion. In England, their political goals have ranged from nuclear disarmament to ending the war in Vietnam, many of them helped return to power a Labor government whose dairy answer has been to build four Polaris submarines, tolerate South and endorse American policy in Vietnam. Yet all the Duke of Edinburgh and that arch-type Malcolm Muggeridge, who was against that student should have constructive what an issue to stage his post over was there nothing else in the world troubling his tender soul? can do is isolate the young for their "destructiveness".

It is not the doctrinaire view of the young which does it however. Not that lack of power can destroy anything. Australia's revolution may be old now in the service of old concepts of old ideals, where the lack of political consciousness among students has impeded the students' continuing of work life outside the university. It is the entrenched power of the old society, its authority and brutal resistance to change or reform, and its terrifying readiness to escalate from water cannon to police truncheons to napalm to eventually nuclear genocide in defiance of all interests which has forced young reformers all over the world to "step out" of the struggle to change it and to create an alternative society of their own. The hippies in San Francisco, the Underground movement in England, the gypsies in Holland, the drop-outs of the world (UNITE!) have been forced to abandon the traditional struggle of the young to reform adult society—and if it is the tragedy of that society, not of the drop-outs, that the one group it should be able to depend upon to renew and reinforce it should have turned their backs only in despair.

Of course the biggest, flower people, LPDs, puppys, call them what you will, are not as negative as either the Duke of Edinburgh or any theorist would have us believe. They have their own philosophy in their own way, and if applied to any sort of establishment, the bodgeheads they argue that only by changing man, the individual, can you hope to change man, the world. The very act of putting up a poster, wearing a badge or participating in a love-in is an attempt at communication, and MAKE LOVE NOT WAR, for all its idealized fundamentalism, propagandizes the Christian doctrine of love better than all that insipid Catholic theology about "pure love" and the evil factor of the Anti-Judeo of Sydney making popular for his rightists in Vietnam.

Most important of all, by creating their own way of life they think the possibility of an alternative before the basic and arid handed eyes of the grey people. If they are successful in their attempt to

continued

grey power (CONT.)

create a long, joyous leisure society of their own they will have achieved by then—except the most devastating and conservative criticism of adult society we have experienced in our lifetime. For a world built upon atomism, exploitation and root hatred it could provide the sort of shock therapy which is so desperately needed. If they fill the disillusioned and disorienting vacuum we likely to turn more and more to such deeply pessimistic philosophies as Black Power—precisely because they have abandoned all hope of change except through violence and have spared the possibility of ever achieving a society where black and white can be equal.

What worries me is what worries others: is that the hopped-up idealism may never be allowed to work as a force? That once we have finished the problem of power, one can hardly foresee the need for the arbitrary conclusions to which the 20th century's power-mongers led the nation down and wouldn't we in the First World War, six million Jews saved, be recruited to the second? God knows how many millions perished and incarcerated in camps like Auschwitz, or Russia's squatting century-Holy War on Yezhovish. But is the Turner says on the front page of *Moscow*:

"The grey people will not be converted to love. The danger is that they will inherit a world in which the loving ones hang abandoned—the world of power. But the flower-world will be confined and perhaps destroyed."

Soviet or later and no matter how much they dislike the idea, the young dissenters of the world will have to find political solutions to what confronts them, otherwise the Hippie-on-Giving will win by default. The greatest betrayal the youth of today has suffered occurred not in Mao plus a formulaic sum set by West Berlin last week, nor in Dallas in 1968, but in Student Radio Party years ago, because it turned a whole generation of young activists away from the Left toward non-political alternatives that include both Zen and the other instruments of the flower movement. The task of these young people today, and it is not an easy one, is to retain their radicalism, their willingness to change society without being scared off by the social and credit failures of idealism at the past.

There are always those who haven't the courage to make the attempt, and who hope against hope that the conservative uprising will drown up a maverick who will not only change, but who begins the extraordinary options which, for instance, accompanied Gorbachev's accession as power or the enormous breakups with which Americans, benefits of any Labor Party, elect Presidents who hold not even the faintest promise of reform? Only in a society independently sick as America has since proved itself to be could a middle-of-the-road opportunist like J.P.K. be welcomed with such adulation! But mere individuals are prisoners of their environment as both Kennedy's and Carter's disillusioned supporters now discover. Change can be brought by statesmen, as individuals, and in modern Western society the only coherent tradition of change has been the radical one.

That is why it is astonishing to see that the students in West Germany and the where are overtly political. The fact that their SAK heroes are CIA agents and their pronouncements about Socialist Man were, like the egomaniac apertures of the American press, good for nothing more is liable to be overlooked than has happened and Hitler's Third Reich remedies for German woes are hardly applicable to Gorbachev's corporation-dominated Soviet Union. The solidarity of Left theorists, left at least the systems are involved in politics. In England and the United States, two of the world's most advanced telecommunications, the New Left began rethinking the socialist doctrine and power implications of the past. On the success of the radical position and on the status in general of political subversives in solid democracies, one fears—excluding one chance of having one's all—death.

In the meantime we should pray not degrade, those who have not deeply enough into the society around them to have rejected it if they are still on the preliminary road to all change. So far those who have endorsed the principle which wrote兄弟 are prompted brother love makes to a violent death. As Under-ground writer David Whitley says, "Where else can we run from the Wind-out Gang but into each other's arms?" There is no better place alongside the Duke and Hamlet to be.

courting disaster (CONT.)

person parts with explicit or obscure similar in such circumstances as to show an intention merely to cause it to be available to be looked at—by a person or persons other than herself." Thus a doctor or butcher who keeps a copy of "Censor" amongst a pile of magazines in his waiting room becomes liable to a guilty charge for "publishing indecent matter."

Sir George Brookman, who had ludicrous new credits with having his books sold than those, found evidence of indecency in certain medical matters were referred to in a way which could pass muster in a library of snake charmers but which, displayed in public to the reader of the magazine, could, if necessary, be held to offend the modesty of the ordinary man." (It is noted to imply that the "ordinary man" never thinks of snakes in company, but just becomes so diverted from reality as to be absurd.) Old soldier Sir Vivian Wakefield was presented in court with modern stereoscopic with a degree of extra-ordinariness when confronted with "Playboy" nude which "ought to stand placed up to decorate the wall of a bawdery room," but which suddenly became "indecent" when they waved their constituents at an "ordinary man" from the pages of a "sophomore" magazine.

In essence, the High Court views "indecency" as an objective characteristic of certain publications. An Act of Parliament provides sanctions for the character, which tends to perception of the material. To legally identify the treason characteristic, we simply apply the test that the static document—namely, the reverse of a single magnetite. Unless that reaction is properly situated in all the circumstances, it is

FUN AND EXCITEMENT TIME

The radio between the sexes regarded
I tell 'em war's phonix reigns
ly the prophet motif ended
And by periwinkle submerged and
drained

An electro-magnetic sea change
Fun Than, white prints of wales
I'll be no party to a mass media
Heads like a thief in the night
Crept in and with his gay receivers
Abused the thousand eyes of the
argonauts

Took the was from their ears in
recared time
United and from the drowsary
unclothed
They exhibited the were capital
charts
Their broadast seeds springing fully
armed
keyring consuming their rifling
Thus ensuring the resurrection mystery
cycle

IAN CHANNELL

takes irreversibly, if it is a measure of achievement, in the animal, which it is presented to have always been indifferent. Although the argument obviously needs to say, "The animal is indifferent because a reasonable think it is indecent," the statistician's mind is guided by the conviction that indifference is a concrete quality which is outwardly manifested by its ability to shock him.

Whatever may be the legal subtleties of this argument, in consequence might a source approach to our freedom to read. It creates an arc to the spirit of liberalisation which prevailed for the law brief months in which the Court of Appeal judgment remained the law. During those months, three editions of "Playboy," each contributed by P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Graves, John Kenneth Galbraith, Norman Mailer and Supreme Court Judge William Douglas—decorated the newsstands. Since the High Court judgment, no further editions have appeared, nor are they likely to. Already a similar publication has been held to be indecent, and the Vice Squad have made struts with impunity.

The decision has provided a crucial dilemma for those who have had their fight for civil liberties upon respect for the law. With the recent English decision on "Last Exit from Brooklyn" casting doubt on the value of any trials of obscenity cases and the High Court declaring open session on "unlawful" publications, the law at present offers little protection to freedom. The only way to change it is by Appeal to the Privy Council, whose extreme deference to the High Court in recent years has ended with the announcement of the Governor's intention to abolish the right of appeal. Would their Lordships, in a last legal fling out through the High Court's words acknowledge? The "Censor" case would probably provide the only opportunity for them to do so before abolition becomes effective. The legitimacy of asking a woman whether she smokes after sex must therefore be ultimately tested—and quickly—before Her Majesty's Fury Counsellors.

"JACK'S BACK," THEY SAID AT MYSTIC PARK WHEN PM MADE A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY



They called him "Jack" in the red brick pub at Mystic Park last night and Prime Minister John Gorton drank his seven-ounce glass with the local 82-acre dairy farmer to this last, northern claret.

"G'day, Jack," called out cheery local identity "Mick" Halliday before turning away in embarrassment when he realised it wasn't McEwen after all.

Before he took off his coat to mix a gin and tonic with close friends in the parlor bar of Mr. J. O'Halloran's hotel, he spent several minutes talking with old friends in front of the hotel.

Mr. Gorton walked up to Mrs. B. J. Hegarty, whom he had known since he was a 17-year-old youth. He kissed her on the left cheek and said: "I'll never walk my dog again, Jack."

He joined in the common laughter as he wiped the dust off his face and uncorked another glass.

In a hectic day that Saturday he made the speeches at five separate functions, including bygone days before he was called to the parliamentary bar. He spoke to what he laughingly called a "captive audience" at the J. G. Gorton Old Folks Home and unveiled the J. G. Gorton water fountain at Gorton Park.

The only distinct changes in the routine of the small settlement during the PM's stay were the "hot-line" installed in the saloon lounge, the hot sun (Archie Christie) installed in the lounge suite and a VIP place on the ready in "Paddy" O'Halloran's fellow field.

After successfully laying his parliamentary travel allowance on the winner of the J. G. Gorton Cup he returned to the hotel for a "one for the tarmac."

In the midst of the questioning, he called out, "There's money," and ran across the road to speak to Mystic Park's chief innkeeper, Mr. Harold Dennis, 79.

Mr. Dennis replied: "We good to see you, John — and we good to see you haven't lost the common touch."

Mr. Gorton lit a cigarette and replied: "How could I?"

Then, laughingly, "What else have I got going for me?"

OZWORD 3

ACROSS

1 Quadratic law for two-electrons
Gauss

3 The Arctic fox does not possess a ring on the tail
Dingo

5, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 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Ding Dong Del



Once again a time there was a Dorothy. This edition called Del Carrington. The Daily Mirror had printed her up when she was dropped from a women's television TV show. Now she has invaded the columns in the style of a female bore compared with a sister day fire-and-brimstone preacher.

The plague for the world is Del—now it seems the bitches are called "Dolls," who "want only one thing." The goodies are called "girls" and their mates—"it's life is to keep their legs together and these boys eat of their pussies." The reason for that is that sex in all the bogs are after and once they have got it they are quickly on the move to search of more tantalizing honeypots. A girl deflowered enough's a girl without hope of catching a "nice boy." The ones who keep their hands in their pockets or in fact any boy at all except those too embarrassed to fly away.

Here for example is Del Carrington of January 1967:

Dear Del, I am 19 and I love a boy, 17 with whom I was intimate seven months ago. Since then he has not spoken to me.—Desperately, Liverpool. Dear Desperately: He set the trap and you were caught. Now he's setting other traps for equally foolish victims.

I love this boy very much, but he has told me he doesn't know if he loves me or not. When I go out I can just control my enthusiasm. I am afraid I will lose this control of myself soon if I don't have some advice. Barbara, Grove Valley. Dear Barbara: You know, as well as I, that if you succumb you'll lose him anyway.

Sometimes the advice was so dubious that the reader might have been forgiven for fearing a sordid response from the advice section.

"I've been going steady with a boy for the past seven months. Last night he came down to my place and he said he didn't want to go steady any more.

We have been intimate. I persisted because I love him so much. I want him back.—Musam, Green Valley Dear Musam: Being intimate with this boy has dispelled any mystery about you. He wants to be free to look around—for a girl who is clever enough to hold his attention without giving everything too soon.

Then something funny happened—Del married.

She must have married someone nice because suddenly her column changed. Del now runs the standard D.C. column as Ann Frank. Now out of that old, jolly-jolly stuff about Men the Beasts. Now we see of the joy of marriage.

Her father appears to have become involved with another woman, because he took her away for a night. Her brother and her daughter attended him and he says he will stop seeing her but he hasn't completely given up on her yet. Should we attack him again? or what should we do?—Married, A.G.T. Dear Womish: If your father is free let him enjoy his.

Boys are no longer to be evaded—indeed they are to be encouraged:

There is a boy who catches the bus to take many day and I like him very much. He smiles at me and I stare back at him but the trouble is he never makes any advances to me at all.—Lorraine, Willowood. Dear Lorraine: He is waiting for a wink and that certainly annoys.

I work in a gay hospital and I have fallen in love with a patient. What am I to do? If I don't make love with him soon, I will go out of my mind.—K.G., Paddington. Dear K.G.: Tell him how you feel, not me.

I am in love with this man but he is married. He is the only one I have ever been intimate with, but I don't regret it. Do you think I did wrong? —Joy, Pymble. Dear Joy: Almost certainly.



How would you like to make a really meaningful protest against male chauvinism?

Twelve months ago there would have been no doubts about that certainty. In the mean time the ladies have just been getting wilder and wilder.

I am a boy of 16 and I have come across a problem. I am going steady with three girls now. One of them is 14 and preg. Another one says she is madly in love with me, but I am not ready to love with her at all. The third one I met at Merton last Friday night. She tells me she has not taken in love with me.—Desperate, Frabass, ACT.

I am working in a firm with five girls with whom I have been intimate. Now after two months I feel like an old man issues Turner, Tasmania.

Before school started this year, I was introduced to one of the new teachers at a party. For a joke I told her I was a Uni student as I didn't know she was a teacher. She found me physically attractive and our relationship that night ended rather intensely. As she is now in trouble and wants me to marry her, what will I do when she finds out I am only at school?—Dulcie, Glen Innes.

Glen Innes is to rural New South Wales what Green Valley is to the metropolitan areas—and heralds of sexual release. I am a boy of 17 and have a very worrying problem. While at a secret church fellowship, I made a speech that ended rather interestingly. As she is now in trouble and wants me to marry her, what will I do when she finds out I am only at school?—Dulcie, Glen Innes.

Glen Innes and Green Valley—like a certain Sydney glass factory where half the male employees have written in asking instructions on how to lay their red-headed matronesses—provide a brand of continuity through the picture of life that emerges each evening. There is also continuity in style. All sexual intercourse is "whimsey," invariably the letter-writers are constant readers who get great glee by Del's advice and do not want any personal communication because they claim read all their correspondence and would tell them if they caught them writing off to Del.

Within the bounds of these conventions the letters gear in sad with their a better chapter of Australian Monthly 1968 than all the fine prose of the periodicals could ever portray.

Here is an insight into seduction below-style:

One evening I snatched out and went to the local haunt of the bitches. And that I was shy and scared because it was the first time I'd been out alone. One of the boys brought me a coke and another offered me a cigarette. Then another took me for a ride on his mika, and afterwards to a park where we were libidinous.

Here a glimpse of two girls "warming up." We met these two boys from Parramatta who came to play football at Lithgow (where we live), and they asked us if we'd like to go for a drive. After being with them for a while, they asked us to be intimate. We laid down we would make love if they kept making a nuisance of themselves, and they said we could. We have changed since then and would like to see them again, so we like them—S.B., Australia. Dear S.B. Stay as warm as you were.

An interesting question on the etiquette of seduction, with another one of Del's typically "bright" replies:

1968. "I can safely say the end of the war is in sight"—General Paul D. Harkins, US Commander in South Vietnam.

Dear Bill, I am 23 and my girlfriend recently had a baby... Suddenly my girlfriend said she thought it would be better if we didn't see each other for a few months.

These past weeks have been hell for me, and to my delight, I received a note from her parents saying she had missed me too. I've been invited to call and see her. How should I react? Should I just smile or should I hate her warmly?—Tamborine, Castle Hill.

Bear Tamborine: I hope you are not going to start that all over again.



They grow, folks, instead of the customary matinée play . . .

There is tragedy.

I have a sister of 18 who is going steady with a boy. He seemed nice. She told me she had enjoyed sex with him on various occasions. But last week-end she went to a party with him and, while returning, with her boyfriend and three others, she was forced to submit to all four of the boys at a lonely park.—Wombed Big Sister, Carington.

This is the pattern of recurrent news of their own indiscretions:

I read your column every day. My problem is my body. I have no muscles. I have a healing aid and glasses and I don't have any girlfriends. They do not like me because of my body. I don't have many friends. I will be 14 this month.—Free, Gaea.

How do I meet a nice boy of my own age? I'm a Catholic and not very nice looking.—Pal, Dresser.

The drama of lust ready to burst: I wonder how I can get this boy to have sex with me. I know it is bad and I really do want to stay a virgin until I am married. But I just can't help thinking about him and what it would be like. The temptation is so close at hand.—Desirous, Roxby.

FEBRUARY 19, 1966: "The U.S. still hopes to withdraw most of its troops from South Vietnam before the end of 1965."—Robert McNamara.

The comedy of despair in an affluent society:

My love is not a flim-flam—he calls his dogs. I have noticed other, much pretentious girls seem to be attracted to him also. What can I do to realize how he affects me?—Mandy H., no object.—V.M., Kings Cross.

There is sound sanity:

My boyfriend is very considerate and knows what is right and wrong, even though we sleep together a lot. I'm 14½.—Teal, Waterloo.

I am 18 and have been going steady for nine months with this boy who treats me like a lady. The only thing wrong with him is he is trying to only just to show me how much he loves me so he can give me a car.—Carla, Eastwood, Essex.

I am not sure about the consequences when you regard us being treated like a lady.

There is ignorance:

On a recent date with a girl of 17, I came across an unconscious unconscious. When kissing she holds her mouth in a wide open position.—Bevildered, Coonamble.

Then there are all the usual clichés—one. It's a comfort to know that faces does happen in fact.

I'm a girl of 16. For about four months I've been going out with two boys, on and off. I have now found out that I'm pregnant to one of them, but to which I do not know. I have told both of them I'm pregnant, but they both threaten to leave me.—Worried, Sydney.

I am engaged to a business man who often has to go overseas. While he was away on his firm's business last year, I went out with his office manager. Now I'm expecting his baby.—Frannie, Webster's Bay.

Recently when my husband had to go away on business, my stepson took me out for dinner and we had a marvellous time. We went out frequently and I soon discovered I was in love with my stepson and he with me.—B.B., Pyrmont.

My husband is terminally ill with a woman he met in a T.S. hospital.—Hank, Mt. Kalgangrave.

I want to know if I can get my freedom from this man I married. He is corrupt.—G.M., West Maitland.

But best of all there is persistent homo sexuality:

My boyfriend is a good-looking but rather lame, to be attracted to him.—Anonymouse, Darling Point. Gma, Anonymouse: This often happens to young, good-looking men. But it does not suspend you from nothing to worry about.

I have a problem which is not very comfortable. I have a male called Steve. Whenever we go out together, I seem to be more interested in him than my girlfriend.—Glenys, City.

I had an uncontrollable desire to steal a beautiful girl who was on the train very morning. On Christmas Eve, I went down to her flat which she was sharing with another girl. This was an unexpected visit. I was shocked to find they slept in the same bed and seemed to resent my presence. Can you help me?—J.B., Hamptons, East S.J.S. no.

and fathers of dubious honour:

My father has a problem with which my mother and I cannot cope at all. He gets mad and makes us like all our clothes. He speaks up with his hand, a heavy slap or cane. A week ago I had

two of my girlfriends over for the weekend. He said to the girls, "Look down to see all my old clothes. You can't imagine how dirty and spanked my mother. She then says, 'you're not like me.' I hadn't heard of my mother as she had died when I was a child. He then started on my two girlfriends and spanked them on their bare bottoms, too. I am a girl of 15.—Spanked & Tortured.

Every time I go out with my boyfriend—about every two weeks—my father, who is a doctor, gives me a medical check-up to see if I have had sex with my boyfriend. My boyfriend has asked me to see him and when I said him about my father, he doesn't believe me and said I was just trying to get out of it.—18, Sydney. Dear 18: Is your father of year torturing your problem? Write again. So far gone a long way, our Del, in one state of marriage.

Land of the Falling Sons

Mrs. Madge Thompson, mother of Digger Jim Thompson today visited her pilgrimage to the spot where her son died in 1944.

One of the men responsible for his death was the frail Tomogishi horseman and presented her with a souvenir of the war. Together, she and ex-commandant Togo of Jim's old prison camp inspected the actual spot on Mt. Togo's summit where Jim died.

Her eyes misted with the effort of finding which particular stone represented her only son's contribution to peace. But at last the decision was made and they turned to sipping together over a cup of tea in Mr. Togo's tea room office.

But memories could not be snuffed for the office is in the expert division of Mitsubishi Corp., site of the labour camp that was Jim's home for over two years. And happy years they were, too, as Mr. Togo was able to tell the gallant widow.

Her tears fell freely as she cradled a glass case of ceremonial Foster's and marinated a suitable in Memorial poem over the mass grave in which most of Jim lay.

Then, after spending a small handful of dried hydrangea petals over the spot, Mrs. Thompson was coerced to a waiting Toyota (suspicious of the trip for the sake of old customs) and sped off to her waiting JAL flight.

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